For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt Boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemie to be so curst,
They all straine curt'sie who shall cope him first.

This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprize her hart,
Who ouercome by doubt, and bloudlesse feare,
With cold-pale weakenesse, numbs each feeling part,
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her sences sore dismaid,
She tels them 'tis a causelesse fantasie,
And childish error that they are affrayd,
Bids thē leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,
And with that word, she spide the hunted bore.

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke & bloud, being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,
She treads the path, that she vntreads againe,
Her more then hast, is mated with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of respect, yet naught at all respecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting

Here kenneld in a brake, she finds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maister,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venimd sores, the onely soueraigne plaister.
And here she meets another, sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceast his ill resounding noise,
Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
Against the welkin, volies out his voice,
Another, and another, answer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed,
At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearefull eyes, they long haue gazed,
Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies;
So she at these sad signes, drawes vp her breath,
And sighing it againe, exclaimes on death.